G. M. ELLIOTT LIBRARY
CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
2700 GLENWAY AVE.
P. O. BOX 043200
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45204-3200

G. M. ELLIOTT LIBRARY
CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
2700 GLENWAY AVE.

GOD IN HISTORY

By

ELMER ELLSWORTH HELMS
Author of "The Gate to the Gospel", "The Living Bread",
"Forgotten Stories", "That Young Man"

451900900007

COPIES MAY BE SECURED FROM
LIGHT AND LIFE PRESS
W. B. ROSE, Agent
1132 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

Price—50 cents Postpaid

231.5
H369

Copyright 1923 by
ELMER ELLSWORTH HELMS

6033

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy."

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I	God in the World War	7
II	God at Waterloo	21
III	God at Gettysburg	35
IV	God in American History	53

I

GOD IN THE WORLD WAR

What God did in the great World War is the wonder chapter of history, and proves that He does move in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. And also that He makes the wrath of man to praise Him. In the darkest hour of the war some one said to King George of England, "How will it ever end?" King George prayerfully replied, "God will have to work a miracle." He did.

> "Lord God of hosts, whose Almighty hand
> Dominion holds on sea and land,
> In peace and war Thy will we see
> Shaping the larger liberty.
> Nations may rise and nations fall,
> Thy changeless purpose rules them all."

That is the answer. Because God is the God that doest wonders among the nations is why Germany had the war won seven times and then lost it.

1. It was at four o'clock on the afternoon of April 22, 1915, that the Germans at Ypres turned loose for the first time their deadly poisonous gas on the Allies. It was all unexpected and the allied armies, all unprotected, fell in windrows. They were piled up like bloated cord wood. All Germany now needed to do was to march through, take the English Channel and

the world was hers. Then, why didn't she do it? And why was this particular time selected to turn loose the gas? It was not the military but the meterological authorities that fixed the hour. Dr. Schmaus, the head of the meterological department, announced to the German general in charge that the direction of the winds was fixed and settled for thirty-six hours to come, and they would carry the gas far out over the allied lines. So the gas was turned loose—when, all of a sudden, it whirled and flung itself back over the German army. And the Germans, gasping, strangling, staggered by the thousands to their death. Dr. Schmaus, in his official report, said, "In forty years of meterological records of the German government the wind never acted so peculiarly before." And the doubly strange and striking thing was that the wind whirled in only a small area.

The first day at the Battle of Gettysburg the Union forces were pounded into the shape of a fish-hook. The Confederates were an enveloping horse-shoe. The plan was that Longstreet should attack on the one side and Ewell on the other, and that between them they would crush the Union Army like an egg-shell, and the war would be won. Longstreet began to bombard. He kept it up four hours and was defeated before Ewell began. Ewell, in his official report, said, "The wind was so peculiar I could not hear Longstreet's bombardment, and didn't know he was attacking until it was over."

Columbus' sails were set straight for the New Jersey coast. The wind tugged and tugged southward.

The sailors said, "Admiral, see the wind. Follow the wind." And he turned prow southward and landed in the West Indies. As a result that southland was settled by the Latin and the Catholic, and God saved this land to the Puritan and the Protestant. Who sent that wind? Who send the wind at Gettysburg? Who sent the wind at Ypres?

A little book which most people call the Bible, which can well be called the Encyclopedia Universalis, raises by implication a most interesting question—"Hath the wind a father?" Who sends the winds? What sayeth the Encyclopedia? "He made a great wind to pass over." "He brought a mighty wind upon them." "Jehovah blew with a great wind." "He walketh on the wings of the wind." "Awake, north wind, awake and blow." In the story of Jonah we read, "And Jehovah prepared a vehement wind." Where is the factory where the winds are made? "He bringeth the wind out of his treasury." That is the manufactory. A hundred and sixteen times the Book tells of God's doings and dealings with the wind.

Who defeated Lee at Gettysburg by sending so peculiar a wind? It was too late in God's program for the world for a government to be founded on human slavery. God sent that peculiar wind, that government of the people, by the people, for the people might not perish from the earth. "The wind never acted so peculiarly before." Dr. Schmaus was right, and Germany lost the war because God is the father of the wind.

2. We have come to the darkest June of the war.

Austria and Germany have swept down the Alps to swallow Italy. Just before them lies Venice. Venice is the heart of Italy. To have taken Venice at that time, would not only have broken the heart of Italy, but the Central Powers would have easily taken Florence, Rome, Naples, Milan—Italy. If, at that crucial hour, Italy had fallen the Allies would have lost. All there was between the Central Powers and victory was the Piave River. The Piave is a slow, sluggish stream that sleeps itself away one hundred twenty-five miles to the sea. The banks are so flat that it is easy to fling over bridges or cross by boats. The Austrians and Germans poured over by the tens of thousands. They took no food, for the granaries of Italy are just ahead. Every soldier carried an empty bag. Every officer had an empty chest. There were automobile trucks by the score to bring back the loot. They are now within six and one-half miles of Venice. The sky is red with the flame of their victory and the air is rent with their shouts, when all of a sudden, out of what had been a dead and dry sky an hour ago, there bursts a Niagara. And in an hour the Piave was a racing, roaring, mad, wide sea, sweeping before it boats, bridges, trees, soldiers—whole battalions of Austrians and Germans were swept to the sea. The Austrian and German soldiers cut off without supplies, a great terror seized them, and the Italians captured or killed more than forty thousand of them. General Foch said, "General Diaz did his best." What would his best have amounted to without God's

best? General Diaz recognized this, when, sobbing, he said, "Deus facit"—God did it.

Napoleon will fight the Battle of Waterloo at six o'clock in the morning and by two o'clock all will be over. And it would have been, for Wellington can not win without Blücher, and Blucher could not arrive until five o'clock. But Napoleon didn't fight the Battle of Waterloo at six o'clock, nor seven, nor eight, nor nine, nor ten, nor eleven. For all the night God sifted His rain down through the sieve of the trees and the ground was so soft Napoleon could not use his artillery, and he can not win the battle without his artillery. And Blucher did come at five o'clock, and Napoleon lost. Who sent the rain at Waterloo? Who sent the rain at Piave?

Job asks a very interesting question, "Hath the rain a father?" And the Book says, "Jehovah caused it to rain grievously upon the earth." "And Jehovah sent thunder, lightning and rain." "He maketh a deluge of rain." "The Lord God sendeth torrents of rain." One hundred two times the Book speaks of God's dealings and doings with the rain—His rain.

Napoleon was right. "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Only Napoleon forgot that God stables His battalions in the skies. Napoleon, with a half million picked soldiers of France, started for Moscow. He will have Russia and the world. All of a sudden a snowflake kissed Napoleon's cheek. He laughs and brushes it off. And then a dozen snowflakes. Napoleon laughs again, but not so loud. And

then hands full of snowflakes, armsfull—avalanches of snowflakes. And men and horses flounder, and rear, and plunge, and sink, and die, beneath a mountain of snowflakes, and a half million French soldiers lie frozen on the plains of Russia and Napoleon lost. Who sent that snow storm? "He scattereth the hoar frost." "He sendeth the snow." Hath the snow a father? "He sayeth to the snow, Come bury the earth." "He sendeth fire, hail and snow." "Rain cometh down and snow from heaven." God unlatches the door of the skies and the earth is buried. Napoleon was right. God is on the side of the heaviest battalions, but God's battalions are stabled in the skies, and Napoleon lost. He forgot the sky battalion. Likewise, Germany.

3. November 17, 1917. The German submarine strength is at its tide. Night and day for ten months they have been turning them out. They have enough now to sweep the seas of American ships and soldiers. It is done. The war is won. The Berlin papers of those weeks gloated over the winning of the war by the submarine, when, lo, the seas behaved as never in man's memory. They rolled and raged and would not cease, and the submarines, unable to return to their bases, because of the fury of the seas, were forced to come to the surface and were captured or sunk—one hundred ninety-nine, with three thousand of their crew, and the back of the German submarine warfare was broken, and Germany lost.

In 1588 the Spanish Armada sallied forth from Spain—twenty-nine great ships and thousands of

sailors and soldiers, to swallow England and to wipe Anglo-Saxon civilization off the world. The Armada now lies just off the coast of England, waiting for the dawn of the morrow and the deed will be done; when such a storm as never struck those shores before or since seized the twenty-nine ships and shivered them to splinters, and the next morning the proud Spanish Armada was but floating wreckage and dead men.

"The sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew." "He causeth the sea to rise and swallow them." "He maketh them afraid with His storm." "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish." "Thou terrifieth them at sea." "The Lord God hath His way in the whirlwind." Two hundred nineteen times the Book tells of God's doings and dealings with His storms at sea.

Hath the rain a father? Hath the snow a father? Hath the wind a father? Hath the seas a father? "He holdeth the seas in the hollow of His hand." He turned His hand and spilt them on Germany, and Germany lost.

4. It is September 6, 1914—one month after the war began. The Germans are in sight of Paris. The Kaiser from yon hill, through his glass, can plainly see Eifel Tower. The French have but eight hours ammunition. The orders are already given—"when the last round is fired, every man take to his heels." The archives of the government have been removed from Paris southward, and the women and children have been taken out by the thousands. Eight hours and the war is done and the world is won. Only eight

hours, when, all of a sudden, the Germans ceased firing, and do not begin again for forty-seven hours. General Gallienny commandered every taxicab, automobile, carriage, cart, wheel-barrow—everything that had wheels in Paris—and rushed munitions and men to the front. When after forty-seven hours the Germans began firing again, they met such a fury that they were pounded back, and never in the four years were the Germans so near Paris again.

Generals Von Kluck, Von Hausen and Von Bulow —German generals in charge, in their official report said they did not know why they ceased firing. Only eight hours and the world is Germany's, and the Germans cease firing and do not know why. The Book answers that: "So far shalt thou come, and no farther."

Lee, in his official report of the Battle of Gettysburg, says if he had followed up his advantage of the first day by attacking early the second, he would easily have won. But he didn't attack the second day until three o'clock, giving Meade plenty of time to recast his lines, throw up his defense, reform his forces. And when Lee did attack he went to his defeat and the death of the Confederacy. Lee, in his report says: "I do not know why I waited until three o'clock in the afternoon." I know. God is the answer.

When Napoleon all but has Waterloo won, he cries, "Oh, why doesn't Grouchee come?" Grouchee? He lay off yonder with thirty-five thousand of the picked soldiers of France. Napoleon sent him an ur-

gent message to come. True, the messenger was captured and he never received the message, but for hours he heard the bombardment and knew the battle was on, and yet he did not move. His officers and general begged him to go, plead with him, besought him with tears, threatened him, but he did not move. He was twice tried by the French Council of War, and he was charged with having deliberately betrayed France and Napoleon. He denied it. He said he was a true Frenchman and was loyal to Napoleon, but he said he could not explain why he didn't go. I know. God is the answer.

And the German generals say they do not know why they ceased firing for forty-seven hours. The Book answers: "Thus saith the Lord concerning this wicked king, He shall not come into this city. By the way that he came, by the same way shall he return. He shall not come into this city, saith the Lord, for I will defend this city to save it." And Germany lost.

5. By the spring of 1917 the German scientists had solved the problem of growing food and grain, and perfected it as never in the history of the world. They announced that Germany would have the potato crop of all time; that they had put in each potato hill that which would kill every enemy of the potato under ground and above ground. And how the potatoes of Germany grew. When those uncounted acres and miles were in blossom, lo, a blight heretofore unknown swept over the potato fields of Germany, and in a day they were scorched, scabbed, shrivelled as though fire-swept, and hungry Germany cried might-

ily for peace. And Germany learned the bitter truth uttered by Napoleon, "An army travels on its belly, and will not travel when that belly is empty." A mutiny broke loose in the army that forced the abdication of the Kaiser and brought the armistice. Lundendorff, in his history of the war, says it was the failure of the potato crop of 1917 that lost Germany the war.

That same spring, though we started with the coldest and wettest spring for years, nevertheless we raised such a bumper crop of potatoes, and wheat, and everything, that we were able to feed ourselves and the Allies. Verily "He giveth seed time and harvest." "He sendeth the early and late rains," and also the blight. One of the plagues of Egypt spread death to the growing crops. The record is, "And there remaineth not any green thing throughout the land of Egypt." It is according to the Book, "There shall be neither earing nor harvest." "I will make their harvest a heap of ruins and they shall beg in the harvest." And Germany cried in the very words of Scripture, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The Book speaks of God as a God who forgetteth not. "He is the same yesterday, today, and forever." And Germany lost because God is the God of the seed time and the harvest.

6. The world recognized that Germany was superior in the air, and yet the world knows, and Germany conceded, that she was worsted in the air the last few months of the war. The head of the aerial

fighting department of the German army in his report said: "The Allies did not have superior airships nor air-fighters, but it was the accursed clouds that defeated us. Nearly every time when we had a bevy of the enemy's ships in a pocket ready to take them, one of those accursed clouds would be hanging handy by and would envelop them as thick as a blanket, and the devil himself couldn't find them, and they would escape at their leisure. It was the accursed clouds that did it." He spoke by the records. "My clouds shall curse them in that day, saith the Lord." Many of our boys who were in the air service, report the same thing—that just when they were in a tight corner a cloud, coming from nobody knew where, canopied them, cloaked them, tented them. "He covereth them with His cloud." "A cloud covereth them as a tent." "A cloud came upon them to hide them." "The Lord hath covered His with a cloud."

When the children of Israel were caught with the sea on the left side, the high mountains on the right, and the army of Pharaoh behind them—every way closed except up, they cried mightily to God, and God dropped a thick cloud between them, which to the Egyptians was a black wall, but to the Israelites was like an Aurora Borealis. All the night the Israelites by the light of that cloud beheld Jehovah with His spade, divinely made, digging, throwing up the waters till He had uncovered the pavement of the sea, and the children of Israel passed through dry shod. While all that time the Egyptians battered

their heads against the wall of that cloud. "A cloud came between them." "He commandeth the clouds." "The Lord rideth upon the clouds." "The clouds are His." "The clouds are the dust of His feet." "He maketh the clouds His chariot."

One hundred sixty-two times the Book speaks of God's doings and dealings with the clouds. Germany was beaten in the air, beaten in the sea, beaten on the land, because, "Behold, the sea, the earth, and the sky, they are mine, saith the Lord." Germany ventured on the wrong preserves, and lost.

7. "Those that the gods would destroy, they first make mad." In those early days of the war Germany could easily have cut through to the channel ports and had England at her mercy. But blinded and maddened like a mad and blind bull, the Germans struck for Paris. They never reached Paris and they never reached the channel ports, later to do which they paid the price of near two million men; for Germany knew she must have the ports of the English Channel to win the war. Six weeks after she began the war she might have possessed every foot of the Channel, but mad and blinded she plunged Parisward, for the Kaiser must have his Christmas dinner in Paris. The only possible explanation is—Germany was mad. And saith the Lord, "Whence cometh this mad man?" "Let them alone, saith the Lord, they are the blind, leading the blind, and if the blind lead the blind they shall both fall in the ditch." Mad and blinded she struck for Paris and that gave England time to get in between the Channel and the en-

emy, and there she stood for four long years with her back to the wall, and Germany lost.

The armistice happened at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleven month, 1918. The eleventh verse of the eleventh chapter of the eleventh book of the Bible is at least more than suggestive: "Forasmuch as this is done of thee, oh king, and thou hast not kept my covenants and my statutes, which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, I will give it to thy servant." If ever that was done to any nation and any ruler, it was done to Germany and the Kaiser.

Through the Battle of Marathon, 490 B. C., God settled that Grecian civilization should not go under the heel of barbaric Persia. Through the Battle of Tours, 732 A. D., God settled that Europe should be Christian rather than Saracen. Through the Battle of Hastings, 1066, God settled that Anglo-Saxon civilization should not perish from the earth. Through the Battle of Waterloo, 1815, God settled that Europe should not become the slave of a military despot. Through the Battle of Gettysburg, 1863, God settled that America should no longer continue half slave and half free—but all free. Through the great war, 1914-18, God settled that the hands on the clock of civilization should not be turned back a thousand years by the bloody hand of the Hun. Germany's doom was sounded when she turned from Christ to Krupp, from the Cross of Calvary to the Iron Cross.

The day after the great earthquake and fire at San Francisco, a newsboy was showing a dazed man the

way through, and as they walked the lad philosophized—"It took men a long time to put all this stuff up, but God tumbled it over in a minute. Say, mister, 'taint no use fer a feller to think he can lick God."

Oh, ye nations of the earth, 'taint no use for a nation to think it can lick God!

England, France, Italy, Japan, America, leaders of the new order and of the new day—your only hope for national immortality is in finding which way God is going, and going that way. For 'taint no use for a nation to think it can lick God.

The Cross points the only way out for the nations. It is Christ or chaos for the world. "Vox populi, vox dei." No, never! That's the rock on which Germany was wrecked. It is, "Vox dei, vox populi." The voice of God is the voice of the people. Germany had the shortest history of any great nation or empire that ever had being—forty-eight years from her cradle to her grave.

And now we are in the age of democracy. There is no more hope of a democracy than of an autocracy save as it is founded on theocracy. Before all, behind all, beneath all—GOD. The government must be upon his shoulders.

"Strong with the strength of earth beneath their tread,
Slow as the marching stars they gaze upon,
Squadrons of living men and living dead
The legions of democracy press on;
As one they come; and who in yonder van
Illumines all the path that man may see?
I think it is a fellow working man—
A carpenter, they say, from Galilee."

II

GOD AT WATERLOO

Twelve miles south of the city of Brussels, capital of Belgium, is the Battlefield of Waterloo—two miles from the town of Waterloo. In the center of the battlefield there is a vast mound a half mile in circumference and more than one hundred fifty feet high. On the top of this mound there is a colossal lion weighing twenty-eight tons, 56,000 pounds; underneath this mound are buried thousands of the dead. This is England's monument to the battle.

Napoleon's plan of action was a masterpiece; to strike at the center of the English and Allied forces, cut them in two, drive the one wing into the Rhine, the other into the sea. And the Rhine and the sea were right there ready. But Napoleon did not cut them in two and did not drive them into the river and the sea. Why? That is the question we face in this chapter.

Napoleon had a philosophy, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Then Napoleon should have won. And he was sure he was going to win. For Napoleon had 240 great pieces and Wellington 159. Is God on the side of the heaviest battalions? 1250 B. C. Gideon with his three hundred in the Valley of Jezreel put to utter rout the hosts of Midianites. Is God

on the side of the heaviest battalions? 480 B. C. Miltiades at the Battle of Marathon with his ten thousand Greeks drove into the open mouthed sea millions of barbarian Persians under Xerxes. Is God on the side of the heaviest battalions? 480 B. C. Leonidas, at the Pass of Thermopolae, with his three hundred made twenty thousand Persians bite the dust. Is God on the side of the heaviest battalions?

Napoleon did not lose the battle because of any lack of bravery or daring on his own part, or lack of valor on the part of his men or officers, nor for want of personal attachment for himself. There was no personal attachment for Wellington on the part of the Allies, and the English were not wild over Wellington. But Napoleon! The Old Guard went into that last awful charge knowing it meant death, but yet they went with a yell, "Long live the Emperor." When the Old Guard was ordered by the English to surrender they raised the shout, "The Old Guard can die, the Old Guard never surrenders." England had her Iron Duke but France did not lack iron soldiers. No, it was not for lack of valor.

Marshall Ney had five horses shot under him. Dripping, perspiring, with flaming, blood-shot eyes, foam-covered lips, uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulets half cut through, his decoration, the Great Eagle—dented by a bullet, bleeding, muddy, magnificent, holding his broken sword in his hand, Marshall Ney shouted, "Come see how a marshall of France dies on the field of battle." But he didn't die. When the French were falling back, Ney borrowed a horse and

leaping on it, without hat, or sword, or weapon, he dashed across the Brussels road trying to stop the army. He recalled it, insulted it, plead with it, threatened it, harangued it, urged it, implored it, calling wildly to it in vain. The soldiers, panic stricken, fly on, and cry as they fly, "Long live Marshall Ney." No, it was not for want of bravery or valor on the part of himself, his men or his officers that Napoleon lost.

As the clock struck 11:35 a. m. Sunday—for the battle was fought on Sunday—June 18, 1815, Napoleon Bonaparte on the back of his famous horse Marengo, unbared his head and with trumpet voice gave order, and signaled, "Forward—Charge." Two miles away towards the village of Waterloo, Wellington astride his famous horse Copenhagen had been waiting all morning for that move. Napoleon who broke Josephine's heart without compunction for ambition's sake will now break the back of the English and the allies.

Why did Napoleon wait until 11:35 o'clock? It poured rain all night. The ground was soft. The artillery wagons in places sunk to their axles. Napoleon depended upon his artillery. If it had not rained, the battle would have been fought at six o'clock. That was his plan. And it would have been over by two o'clock and Napoleon would have won. For Wellington can not win without Blucher's aid; Blucher can not arrive before five o'clock and the battle would have been fought and settled three hours before—if it had not rained. But it rained,

Years after the battle Rev. Mr. Narcross of Framlingham, England, died and left by will five hundred pounds to "the bravest man in England." His executors were hard put to pick out the bravest man. In their perplexity they appealed to the Duke of Wellington. He did not hesitate, but answered, "Sir James McDonnell is the bravest man in England." "And for why?" "For closing the gates of Hougomont and thus saving the day at Waterloo."

Before Napoleon gave the order—"Forward," he figured out that Hougomont was the key to the situation. Hougomont? A chauteau—a collection of farm buildings on a hill overlooking and commanding the whole field; with orchards and gardens surrounded by a wall pierced by great gates. The English were in behind that wall. There was a well also behind that wall. There is no water drawn from that well now. The last to draw water from it was William Van Kylsom, a servant left in charge by the family when they fled the day before the battle. The English made him serve them. No water has been drawn from it since that day, for that day more than three hundred dead filled that well. The wall was pierced by hundreds of holes, through which the English thrust their guns. Twelve thousand French pounded against that wall and at last broke open the gates and rushed in. They are now in the garden, the orchard, the yard, yes, in the house, the hall-ways, up the stairs. They fought till three thousand men were sabered, gashed, butchered, shot, burned, inside those walls that day. But, at last, the English with fixed

bayonets, slowly forced the French down the stairs, through the hall-ways, out into the yard, through the yard, out the gates, and Sir James McDonnell with the aid of his sergeant, John Graham, closed the gates under a galling fire and barricaded them, and the English resumed their deadly fire through the holes in the wall and though the French rallied again and again, they never again got the gates open. If the French had succeeded in getting and holding Hougomont they would have won the battle. And if McDonnell hadn't succeeded in closing the gates, Napoleon would have won.

When Napoleon sallied forth that day to battle, he laid his hand on a peasant, Lacoste, who lived in a farm house near by, and tied him on the back of a horse and forced him to ride at the front and be their guide. The terror of it paralyzed the peasant with fear and he whirled his horse about. Napoleon grabbed the horse's bit and shouted, "You fool, do you want to get shot through the back?" Napoleon pointed to a chapel in the distance, the Chapel of St. Nicholas, and said, "Is there any road running by that chapel?" The presence of the chapel raised the suspicion of a road. Lacoste shook his head. Whether he misunderstood or deliberately deceived will never be known. But if he had nodded his head instead of shaking it that would have changed the destiny of the world. The difference between a nod and a shake of the head was the losing or winning of the Battle of Waterloo. No road was visible at that distance. But there was a road there called The Ohaian, named

from a village hard by. The ground gradually rose until it came to the road which was cut through the raise, making a trench twelve feet deep—a very abyss of death. In recent years it has been denied that there was a sunken road because there is none now. The rise of the ground has been shaved off for dirt to build the lion mound, a half mile in circumference and more than one hundred fifty feet high. Moreover, that road was filled with hundreds of dead French men and horses that day. That there was a sunken road there is evident from the existence to this day of two stone crosses at different points. One states that Bernard De Bruc, a trader from Brussels, was killed driving off the edge into that road, February, 1637. The second cross states that a like accident happened to a peasant, M. Niciase, 1783.

At four o'clock the English seemed falling back. They were. Napoleon saw that the hour of destiny had struck and he said to the peasant, "Is there a road there?" and the peasant shook his head. And the flower of the French army charged on horseback after the English. They raged, and roared, and rolled on up the grade. When, lo, all on a sudden, that yawning, precipitous trench like a open mouthed grave, twelve feet deep, was right at their horses' heads. The horses reared, fell back, slipped, for it had been raining and the ground was soft, and with all four feet plunged into the abyss. There was no stopping. The columns behind were pushing like mighty projectiles. Men and horses rolled into that frightful earth-gash pell mell, crushing each other

and turning the gulf into one awful charnal house. Nearly one-third of the brave brigade of Dubois tumbled into that wriggling death mass. They lay there bruised and buried. The trench filled and filled until it was even, then others rode over that living death bridge. Take one man—we can watch one better than a thousand. A minute ago the sun was shining. He dashes on full sabered, hot blooded, victory just ahead. When before he had time to utter a cry he was hurled into that abyss, falling, rolling, crushing and being crushed. He saw grass, and trees, and flowers—he clutched at them and his fist came back empty. Down, down, men and horses under him, horses and men over him. Now a horse's hoof gouges out an eye. Now some dead man's saber is thrust down by some awful dead weight, tearing off an ear. Now a rib is crushed in. An awful stifle seizes him. He tries to breathe, he can not. He yells, who hears him? There is nothing but a living, quivering wall of men and horses above him. He writhes. He cries. He dies. When that trench became a living, quivering bridge, there lay thousands of French, horses and men in a living, dying grave. No wonder there is no trench there now. And the shake of a peasant's head did it.

As I said, the English seemed to be giving way. They were falling back. It is now past four o'clock. Wellington cried, "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember Old England." With set face he mutters to himself, "Blucher or night." Napoleon cried, "It is the beginning of the retreat," and he

hurried a messenger away to Paris announcing he had won the battle. And then five o'clock struck. A strange stirring in the woods to Napoleon's right. The yell of the English shook earth and sky. Blucher had come with his Prussian forces and hurling them against Napoleon's right he crushed it like an egg-shell, and Napoleon was done.

Who was this Blucher that saved the day, and whence? He was the bravest and most fearless Prussian general of his time, and he was seventy-three years old past when he did the deed. Two days before in battle he was unhorsed and charged over by both French and Prussian cavalry, and here he is today winning the Battle of Waterloo, and seventy-three plus. Be done with your "The history of heroes is the history of youth." "The deeds of greatness are the deeds of the young." Von Moltke, the greatest general of United Germany, Blucher's successor, was never in a battle till he was past sixty. Bismarck ruled the destinies of Germany at eighty-three. Gladstone guided the Ship of State of Great Britain at eighty-eight. Michael Angelo was appointed architect of St. Peter's at seventy-three and it took him seventeen years to build it. Christopher Wren lifted St. Paul's at ninety. Haydn wrote his "Creation" at past three score years and five, and produced his greatest chorus at seventy-seven. John Wesley at eighty-three was preaching three sermons a day, traveling five thousand miles a year, and caring for all the churches. Alexander Von Humboldt at ninety-nine was pushing over the world in hot pur-

suit of scientific discoveries. That is who and what Blucher was.

And whence? He was far away the night before and pushed with all his power to arrive. While still miles away he came to a fork in the road and was just taking the left fork when he sighted a shepherd boy in a field hard by. That left fork went to Waterloo through a deep ravine which now was deep mud. He never could have gotten his artillery through. He said to the shepherd boy, "Is this the best road to Waterloo?" The boy for answer simply pointed to the right, and taking the right road, Blucher arrived just in time to turn the tide of battle, save the day and win the battle. Destiny hung, swung, on a shepherd's boy pointing to the right rather than to the left. If he had pointed to the left! As it was Blucher just barely arrived in time. If he had been thirty minutes later, Napoleon would have won. Wellington had been crying, "Blucher or night." It was Blucher.

Now Napoleon cries, "Oh, why doesn't Grouchee come?" Grouchee? Who, where, why, was Grouchee? He lay off yonder with thirty-five thousand of the finest French soldiers and formidable artillery. All day he refused to move. Napoleon left him there to await orders. He sent a message to him, which he never received, for the messenger was captured, but Grouchee heard the cannon's boom and knew that the battle was on. He heard the yell of the English when Blucher came up. But though his officers plead, and prayed, and threatened, and wept, he would not move.

He could not tell why. Twice he was tried by a French council of war and was charged with deliberately betraying Napoleon and the French cause. He denied it, and probably told the truth. But why he didn't move he couldn't tell. "God moves in a mysterious way."

One historian says, "The French lost Waterloo by a chain of accidents." Accidents? What are accidents? Kitto, lamed, couldn't become the soldier he would and became the greatest Biblical encyclopedist. We say an accident put out Milton's eyes. If his eyes had not been put out the world would never have had "Paradise Lost." An accident saved Shakespeare from becoming a wool comber and gave the world its greatest poet. An accident kept George Washington from becoming an English mid-shipman and gave America to the world.

Another historian says, "The great battle turned on trifles." Trifles, indeed. A peasant shakes his head instead of nodding it, and Napoleon lost. A shepherd boy points his finger to the right instead of the left, and Wellington wins. The battle turned on the smallest pivot—the shaking of a peasant's head, the pointing of a peasant boy's finger. Destinies that day hung, swung, on hairs. They always do. Napoleon himself says that the Siege of Acre was lifted by a grain of sand. Sallust says that a periwinkle led to the capture of Gibraltar. Livy says that a goose saved Rome one time, and a hare lost it. Columbus watched the birds turn their flight southward and the cavalier and the Catholic settle the southern half of

the western hemisphere, and the northern half is saved to the Puritan and the Protestant. Paul was saved to the world by a rope held in the hands of one unknown, by which he was let down over the walls of Damascus. And suppose there had been no rope, or no one to hold it? Mighty destinies are thus hung, swung, by slender threads. "Let's take a walk," has settled the destiny of many a boy. "Let's have a drink," has settled the doom of many a man. Soon we will begin to believe with Faraday in the power of trifles. Faraday says there is enough power locked up in a single dew drop to drive a locomotive sixty miles, or to blow a great capitol building into fragments.

Another has said, "the cradle is an empire embryonic," and that "the way the cradle rocks settles the empire." That was true of the cradle of Moses, Washington, Lincoln. Trifles. Call them trifles, if you will, but the Battle of Waterloo hung on the hook of seven ifs—divine ifs. If it hadn't rained. But it did rain. Who sent that rain? If McDonnell hadn't closed the gate of Hougomont. If Napoleon hadn't known that the Ohaian road was there. If Grouchee hadn't been deaf. If Blucher had been an hour later. Napoleon waited for Grouchee; he didn't come. Wellington waited for Blucher; he did come. If the peasant had nodded his head instead of shaking it. If the shepherd boy had pointed to the left instead of the right.

Was it possible for Napoleon to win trifles? No. On account of Wellington? No. On account of Blu-

cher? No. Because he lacked Grouchee? No. On account of what? On account of God.

By every military reason Napoleon should have won. The only rational and reasonable explanation is—God. God explains Waterloo, and George Washington, and the Republic, and Abraham Lincoln, and America, and American liberty. You can not read God out of history. One hundred eighty-five thousand Assyrians are encamped and tomorrow morning they will eat up Israel like grasshoppers. But tomorrow morning they all lay dead on the sand. That spells God. And again the enemy come out to devour Israel and a great confusion seizes them and they thought each other was the enemy and they slaughter themselves with a great slaughter. That spells God. Tear things out of history that you can't understand, and you tear God out of history. The Battle of Waterloo is the hinge on which God turned the nations into the age of liberty, equality, fraternity. And England has lifted a huge lion on the field for a monument. She would better have planted a cross. Benjamin Franklin had his finger on the heart of the matter, and on the heart of history, when he said, "If a sparrow can not fall without His notice, surely a nation can not rise without His aid. Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it."

During the last awful twenty minutes Napoleon was heard to cry in the deafening din, "Let him escape who can." Then he tried through the smoke and haze to find his own carriage, wherein he had se-

creted a pistol. And for why that pistol? Did he feel, or did he foresee the day of doom? That pistol may be seen this day in Abbottsford, the home of Walter Scott, hard by Melrose Abbey.

From Waterloo Napoleon took a trip with the compliments of England—to St. Helena, lying rock-bound off the west coast of South Africa. There on May 5, 1821, in the deep, dark night, mid the surging sea that sounded like the sobs of the three million he had slain, he died. All that night long the sea sobbed and sobbed. He died with his military boots on. His military boots—his sole possession. Napoleon Bonaparte, who held empires in his fist, who played with kingdoms as boys play with marbles—military boots. Napoleon Bonaparte, who considered men of worth only as he could use them to climb the heights of ambition. Napoleon Bonaparte, who when he saw Josephine stood in the way of that ambition, didn't hesitate to divorce her. Napoleon, who, finding himself with four thousand prisoners on his hands at Joppa, coolly has them taken down to the shore and their throats cut. With a shrug of his shoulders he explained, "If you would eat your omelette, you have to break your eggs first." Napoleon Bonaparte, who lets not conscience, love, home, life, men, or God stand in the way of his ambition to become the master of the world, dies, and his sole possession—military boots. Behold, how are the mighty fallen. Napoleon Bonaparte, who will at any cost hear in his itching ears the applaudits of the nations, has at last, alas!

only military boots. He loved the praises of men rather than the praises of God, and so he died the possessor of mansions? No—military boots, military boots.

III

GOD AT GETTYSBURG

Lee, intoxicated with his bloody victory at Chancellorsville, on June 1, 1863, starts north with the army of the Confederacy to take Harrisburg. Why Harrisburg? Harrisburg was the great rendezvous for organizing and equipping the Union troops. Harrisburg was the great railroad center of the North. To take Harrisburg means to break the back of the Union. After that—Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York are easy, and the deed is done. Harrisburg was Lee's objective. Gettysburg was an accident—we say. God says—we'll see what God says.

The Army of the Potomac escapes the wily Stuart with his dashing Confederate cavalry, and hastens after Lee. Just as Lee is ready to shell Harrisburg he learns that the Army of the Potomac, now under the intrepid Meade, has crossed the line into Pennsylvania, and he hurriedly retraces his steps hoping to find safer shelter.

Who is this tall and spare bespectacled man of forty-five; Roman-faced, large nosed, broad mouthed, full bearded—beard and hair once brown, now sprinkled with gray—eyes large and quick, sinewy muscled, cool, careless of personal appearance; honesty,

sincerity, integrity stamped on his long length? This is George G. Meade who will measure military genius with the redoubtable Robert E. Lee tomorrow on the world's greatest battlefield.

A pastoral village, Gettysburg, lying in the lap of a valley covered with ripening grain, growing corn, perfumed orchards, inviting meadows.

On the north a flat and open country with Oak Hill a mile and a half away standing like a lone sentinel on picket guard. On the south a rocky ridge climbing up the heights of Culp's Hill to the left, and to the right Cemetery Hill where sleep the village dead. Then the ridge southward a mile and a half like a vast backbone canopied half way with a clump of trees looking like a huge umbrella, culminating at the southern extreme in the Round Tops. Eighteen hundred feet to the west of the Round Tops a mass of rocks in the woods so piled and cut and creviced as to make a very Devil's Den. To the west of the Den, 3,000 feet, an orchard hangs heavy with luscious peaches, and hard by a wheat field stands golden waiting for the sickle.

On the east of the town an undulating expanse rolling up to Benner's Hill a mile afield. On the west of the town wood-covered Seminary Ridge stretching itself like a vast serpent three miles and longer from north to south.

The Seminary bell calls to supper the hungry students; while afar the faint toll of the bell over the cemetery gate tells the tale of a life that is done and a crown that is won. And hearse and mourners slow-

ly wend their way up the sloping heights to the cemetery where rest in peace the village dead so soon to be rudely shaken frim their long slumber by the thundering voice of a strange resurrection. For, tomorrow the flowers and roses and vines which tender hands here have planted to bloom and shed their perfume over the ashes of their loved dead will be blackened with the cannon's soot. Tomorrow a dead horse will lie by yon marble shaft whose finger will still point to the sky and immortality. Tomorrow yon little snowy lamb that sleeps its white sleep on the gravestone of a child will lie black and broken on a cannon's mouth. But this evening softly low the kine as their friendly bells go tinkling across the grassy slope, while browsing cattle and fleecy flock and sleek steed quietly feed undisturbed in waving meadows and slake their thirst at Spangler's Spring bubbling from its cool and woody depths.

The sun in setting lingers long over the ridge of the Seminary, loath to set, knowing alas! too well, that it will never set again on such a Gettysburg. Cloud and creek, earth and sky, seem to meet and softly mingle and a holy calm o'erspreads the face of all the rolling valley. It is the perfect close of a perfect day. Gettysburg sleeps, sweetly sleeps. And the morning and the evening were the 30th day of June.

Day dawns. It has scarcely become full orbed when, heaven pity, the fury of foes once friends bursts like a volcano. Nations are in a life and death struggle. Like two monster engines which suddenly meeting roar and snarl and rend and roar, Union and

Confederate unexpectedly crash and the impact shakes the world.

Reynolds and the brave boys in blue rush unheeding and unafraid to their sure and swift death. A Confederate ball ploughs a track through Paul's eyes and never again till his death, twenty-one years after, did he look into the face of friend or foe. Barlow is shot through. Six boys went out from a Sunday-school class of a church of which, years after, I was pastor. Of the six, one fell at Chancellorsville, the other five, messmates, faced the foe that first day at Gettysburg. But that first night all five lay on the field of blood. Of their company, sixty-two, who sallied forth in the early hour of that day, a lone fifteen answered "here" at evening muster.

The 45,000 Confederates with shot and shell, and with a yell out of the very mouth of hell, swept the 15,000 Union men before them, disorganized, distracted, driven back, hotly pursued, and that night 8,955 boys in blue out of the 15,000 who faced the foe answered not to roll call. And the full moon—for it was full moon—that night looked down on a sight never before seen. And the morning and the evening were the first bloody day.

The second day is come. The hour—3:30 after the noon. Little Round Top is the key to the field. The Confederates have taken an oath to possess it. They fight like fiends among the huge, high rocks of the Devil's Den. The carnage spreads under the leafy, fruit-laden peach trees, rolls over the cold, wet field, up the slippery slopes of Little Round Top. Men and

officers, horses and mules, are cut down by hundreds. Scores of cannon boom and belch forth carnage. Union and Confederate collide. Hills and rocks reel like drunken men. Timbers crash as under a hurricane, and great rocks are flung as from a catapult. The slaughter is terrible. Zook is killed. Hood is wounded, Sickles lies less a leg. Anderson—dead. Warren—sore wounded, and Weed mortally. Hazlett bending over him to receive his last command is shot through. Chase of Maine receives forty-eight wounds. Meade's horse is shot beneath him. The valley is choked with smoke. The roar and rattle of musketry is maddening.

Men fight against men like maniacs. Men fall wrapped in their own blood-bathed shrouds. Hand over hand, counting not their lives dear unto themselves, the Confederates all but possess Little Round Top. Longstreet in his report says, "I almost won." Yes, almost—but.

It is scarcely done when a mile and a half away up Culp's Hill the Confederates roll and rage, fighting hand to hand with their brother man with pistols, bayonets, hand spikes, fence rails. The slaughter ceases not till hill slopes are carpeted with blue and with gray. And 20,000 brows bathed in their own blood lie on the sod upturned to God. The little cemetery on the mound has become a mighty Necropolis. And the morning and the evening were the second bloody day.

July the 3rd. A hush hangs heavy over hill and dale. The silence is oppressive—the silence before

the storm. Iron nerved men are on the verge of collapse from the foreboding suspense. The soft zephyrs, in mocking, whisper, "Peace, peace," when men well know there is no peace.

The town clock strikes one. Will the awful day with its awful silence never wear away? A shudder. Another, and still another. From the throat of 158 Confederate cannon vomit forth flame and death across this wide expanse into the Union ranks. For nearly two hours 238 cannon, North and South, fill the air with screaming, screeching, whizzing, whirling, exploding shell. They peel trees from base to tip. They plow the ground like furrowed fields. They tear men and horses into countless fragments and throw them—sow them like chaff. Monuments in the cemetery are ground to powder. And then as sudden as it began the fury and the fire cease and there falls over all an awful hush. And then—out of that awful silence from yon tree-lined ridge a mile and more away, 18,000 Confederates under the gallant Pickett—a glistening blaze of glory and of gray—a half mile front, three columns deep, sweep down the slope of Seminary Ridge. Elbow against elbow, rank against rank. The stars and bars wave. Barrel and bayonet—a sloping forest of flashing steel—gleam in the midday sun like liquid silver.

On they sweep—18,000 strong and stalwart—straight on, silently on, and in step with the precision and seeming calm of a dress parade. On they sweep with the swing of victory, as fine an army as ever stormed a fort. Through wood and orchard,

across open field and meadow, irresistibly on, one-fourth of a mile, a half mile, three-fourths of a mile, sublimely, silently on. And then from the mouths of 12,000 Union guns belch forth havoc and hell. The grays go down in windrows. The depleted ranks are quickly filled, and on, right on. So again and again and again, but on, straight on for the umbrella clump of trees, to break the Union line in twain.

From Little Round Top a rain of shot and shell pours, plows through their flank, and Confederates go down by battalions and brigades. Men are piled up like cord wood. As they go down they clutch at trees and grass and flowers—clutch and their fists come back empty. They go down and iron hoofed horses trample upon them, crushing ribs and temple. A mountain of men and horses—a writhing, wriggling mass. A living, quivering wall of bleeding humans piled up one upon another. The man beneath tries to breathe. He can't. An awful stifle seizes him. He struggles. He dies. And a great calm in the midst of the holocaust o'erspreads his soldier soul.

On with the war. Let not death interfere. Projectiles hiss and shriek and growl and sputter and rage and tear wheels from wagons, canteens from backs, legs from horses, limbs and heads from humans, and strip trees, leaving them naked and bleeding to droop and die. Seventy-one horses are piled within a fifty yard space. Two hundred fifty bullets pierce—pepper a tree within an eighteen inch spot.

Smoke like a thick cloud hangs over the Confederate hosts. Dazed and strangling and choking they

unwittingly split into the deadly, bloody angle. And now, added to shell on the right and shot on the front, the double edged scythe of death cuts between.

Men no longer walk on ground and grass, but over the slippery, slimy, blood-soaked bodies of their soldier comrades. Thirteen of the fifteen field officers of the Confederacy are stretched out on that field of gore. General Garnett, as through the rifted lilac smoke the stone wall dimly outlines, waves his hat and shouts, "We are almost there. Faster, men, faster!" That cry was his last. The boys in gray, unafraid of death, leap the stone wall. Men drunk with blood are no longer human—inhuman. Brothers by birth and blood turn muskets into clubs and beat and batter and bruise and brain each other. Confederate and Union bayonet mix and mingle in death thrusts. Men smash each other's faces with fists of steel, dripping with bloody perspiration, eyes like blood-shot balls, lips foam covered, epaulets cut in two, decorations dented, bleeding, muddy, magnificent, holding their broken swords in their hands, men leap to meet death as a long-looked-for friend. In their rage they laugh at death. Men are sabered and gashed and butchered and burned. For what seems ages, but is minutes, the hell-storm rages and roars. Two thousand Confederates are limp and blood bathed just below the umbrella trees. Of one Confederate company but one lived to tell the tale. And of one regiment of 800, 588 lay out on yonder field.

The brave Armistead is the last to fall and the

broken remnant retreat back down the slope. Officers recall, plead, threaten, harangue, urge, implore them wildly, but in vain. Of the 18,000 the flower of the Confederacy, who an hour ago sallied forth to battle, but 1,200 withered and blighted, find shelter again under the shade of Seminary Ridge.

And when the deed was done, battered canteens, bleeding their life streams away, cut and slashed knapsacks, shattered rifles, bent and broken muskets, snapped swords, caps and trousers and coats stripped into shreds, boxes splintered, blankets torn, wrecked artillery, dismantled guns, crippled ambulances are scattered and piled in a mixed and mingled mass over the vast field of death. And where still a lone grass blade lifts its head between the rows of dead, its brow is now beaded with crimson dew.

1,138,000 pounds of lead have sped, and the dead—oh, the dead! 22,603 Union, 22,768 Confederates answer not to their names. 5,000 horses lay unburied. "And the battle was scattered over the face of all the country, and there was a great slaughter that day." And the morning and evening were the third bloody day.

The Confederacy has reached its high water mark and the waves of a wicked war sweep back to swallow it.

2 Kings 19, "Thus saith the Lord concerning the King of Assyria. He shall not come into this city. By the way that he came, by the same way shall he return, for he shall not come into this city to possess it, saith the Lord. For I will defend this city, to

save it, for my own sake and for my servant David's sake. And it came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord went out and smote 185,000 Assyrians so that behold in the morning they were all dead men."

Tomorrow is the 4th of July—day of American Independence. And Lee, broken and bowed, with head hanging, hair disheveled, uniform bespattered, sword tipped with the rust of defeat, scepter broken, the stars and bars at half mast, on his famous charger, Traveler, knowing all too well the Confederacy has received its death stab, leading his broken, bleeding columns, winds his weary way in and out among the hills of southern Pennsylvania, headed for Dixie. And once again Old Glory floats over Seminary Ridge.

The Battle of Gettysburg settled that America, which had been half free and half slave for 244 years, should no longer continue half slave and half free, but all free.

Frank A. Haskell, aide to General Gibbons at Gettysburg, Dartmouth '54, whose "Battle at Gettysburg" is a classic, says, "When General Meade rode up to the crest and the general eagerly asked, 'Where is the enemy?' I replied, 'They have been repulsed, sir.' When he saw the enemy disappearing with the speed of terror into the woods, with his face strangely lighted, General Meade said, 'Thank God.'" Words wisely spoken. "God at Gettysburg." "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." The two great battles of modern times, up to the World War, when civilization, christianization, swung, hung on a pivot, were Waterloo and Gettys-

burg. By every military law Napoleon should have won Waterloo. He would have won it had it not been for seven fatal "ifs," which spell G-O-D.

Lee should have won at Gettysburg, if—. Five years after Gettysburg Lee, writing to Major McDonald of Virginia, said: "Its loss was occasioned by a peculiar combination of circumstances. It would have been won, if—." Only God can fill that blank.

Yes, Lee should have won. Yes, Lee would have won, if there were no God of battles.

Standing face to face with this greatest of battles, there are too many "ifs" to account for them by human accident or conjunction.

If the Union army had been six hours later in crossing the Potomac, Lee would have already turned Harrisburg into ashes. If—.

That first day the Confederates hammered us back into a fish-hooked shaped line. They were in the form of an enveloping horse-shoe. We were like an egg in the hollow of their hand. All they needed to do was to close their hand and crush us. But, as the next day proved, our position was providential. For we could easily shift our forces across the fish-hook loop, while the Confederates, whose horse-shoe line was eight miles long, had their forces practically split by our position in the center. They thought at the close of the first day they had hammered us into defeat, but they had simply hammered us into a position to turn defeat into victory. Our location, position, was plainly providential. It gave us Round Top, the key to the field.

At the close of the first day we had lost 8,955 out of the 15,000 engaged, while their force was 45,000. All they needed to do was to push us on into annihilation. Why did they not? If they had. If—.

Forty years after the battle, General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, who commanded a brigade at Gettysburg, published his great book, "Reminiscences of the Civil War." It was the first day at Gettysburg. Gordon swung into the fight with his six Georgia regiments. They fought terrifically. The Federal forces were driven back, with Gordon in hot and furious pursuit. An order came to halt. Gordon kept on. Again it came. But he still kept on. A third time, but still he fought. The fourth order from Lee was, "Of the most peremptory character," and was obeyed. Gordon says: "From the situation plainly to be seen on the first afternoon, and from facts that afterward came to light as to the position of the different corps of General Meade's army, it seems certain that if the Confederates had simply moved forward, following up the advantages gained, and striking the separated Union commands in succession, the victory would have been Lee's instead of Meade's. If—.

The afternoon of the first day, when the Federals were fleeing before the Confederates, Lee sent a command to Ewell to pursue until they were annihilated, but Ewell did not. Why did he not? If he had. If—.

E. P. Alexander, brigadier general in the Confederate army, chief of artillery, Longstreet's corps at Gettysburg, in his "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," criticizes Ewell for his failure to pursue the

enemy and insists if he had done it the battle would have been done, won, that first day. And again your "if."

Stuart with the Confederate cavalry had been left in Virginia to harrass and keep the Union army from following Lee. When they outwitted him he moved rapidly north. Knowing that Lee was headed for Harrisburg, he likewise headed that way. On the evening of the 30th of June, the night before the first day's battle, Stuart and his daring cavalry tented at Hanover, but six miles east of Gettysburg. The next day he pushed on to Carlisle, thirty miles north. He did not get his bearings nor his instructions until the morning of the second day, and he got to the battlefield only on the evening of that second day. If, when he was six miles away, he had but known or heard, the story of Gettysburg would have been a Confederate tale. And again your "if."

If Lee on the morning of the second day had early followed up his victory of the first day, he would have easily crushed us, but he did not. There was no fighting until three o'clock, giving Meade ample time to cast up lines, to shift his forces, to prepare his defenses. The delay was fatal. Another "if."

If General Warren, by his sagacity and foresight and rapidity of movement, had not taken in the situation and seeing that Little Round Top was the key to the field, seized it! And even then we beat the Confederates to it by only ten minutes. If they had beaten us! Another "if."

Alexander, the high Confederate authority whom I

quoted above, says, "When on the second day Longstreet attacked the Union left, Ewell was to attack the Union right." Ewell was to wait, according to Alexander, which also was vouchsafed to me years after at Gettysburg by Major Richardson, chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the battle-field, until he heard Longstreet's bombardment, and then he was to attack, and between them they were to crush our forces.

Longstreet's bloody battle in the peach orchard and wheat field raged for four hours and he was repulsed before Ewell begun. And, according to these high authorities, Confederate and Union, Ewell said the wind was so peculiar he did not hear Longstreet's bombardment and could not tell that Longstreet was attacking the Union left. Who sent that wind?

2 Kings 7:6, 7, "The Lord made the Syrians to hear as it were a noise of chariots and a noise of horses and the noise of a great host. And they said one to another, Lo, the King of Israel hath hired against us the King of the Egyptians and the King of the Hittites to come upon us. Wherefore they arose and fled in the twilight and left their tents and their horses and even their camp as it was and fled for their lives."

First Chronicles 14, "And the Lord said to David, Stand still and see what I will do unto the Philistines, and the Lord made a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees." The Lord did it, for the sound of that wind was like the sound of mighty chariots, and the Philistines fled pell-mell from off the face

of the earth. "Hath the wind a father?" If the wind had not been so peculiar! Another "if."

That second bloody night the Confederate Johnson came up within a stone's throw of our reserve ammunition train, which had been deserted for the time being, our forces having been withdrawn. But becoming scared he said, "This is too easy; the Yanks have laid a trap for us. Quick, let's be gone before we are caught," and he whirled him about. One hundred fifty yards more and he would have had our ammunition stores. If he had not turned! Who turned him? Who scared him? He "heard the sound of the wind going in the tops of the mulberry trees." Another "if."

According to Edward A. Pollard, author of "The Lost Cause"—and there is no higher Confederate authority, Lee gave command to Longstreet to attack at daybreak on the third day, but the attack was not made until one o'clock. According to this and other high Confederate authorities, the men in gray never forgave Longstreet. No wonder Lee sadly exclaimed, "If I had had Stonewall Jackson I would have won Gettysburg." Another "if."

After that fearful bombardment on the third day all on a sudden our cannonading ceased and Lee, supposing our ammunition was exhausted, exclaimed, "The hour for which I have waited has come." Colonel Alexander, the Confederate authority to whom I have referred, says, "We frequently ceased our cannonading because our ammunition was becoming exhausted and Lee naturally supposed the Federals

were ceasing for the same reason.'' But the Federals had ceased firing, not for want of ammunition, but to let their guns cool. And Alexander continues—mark well his words—''Never did the Federals do that before, never did they do it again throughout the war. No wonder we were so easily misled.'' And the hour for which God had waited had come—to prove that a government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth. If we had not ceased our bombardment, Lee would not have made his deadly Pickett charge. And again your ''if.''

In that magnificent massacre, Pickett's charge, Wilcox and Perry's brigades became split, making the deadly, bloody angle. Pollard, the author of ''The Lost Cause,'' says, ''They became confused and blinded by the smoke.''

2 Kings 6, ''Then the king of Syria made war against Israel. And he compassed about the city of Dothan with horses and with chariots and with a great host, and the servant of Elisha, the man of God, said, 'Alas, my master! What shall we do?' And the man of God answered, 'Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' And the mountain was full of horses and chariots and hosts of the Lord, and the Lord smote the Syrians with blindness so that they found not their way, and so the bands of Assyrians came no more into the land of Israel.'' If the Confederates had not become blinded. Another ''if.''

How chanced Lee to venture thus far north? He believed by his very boldness and daring he could,

would, win a great victory on northern ground, then would come recognition by England and an established Confederacy. "For this cause God shall send strong delusions that they should believe a lie." That's why Lee ventured north—led by the God of battles to his undoing.

"God at Gettysburg." Lincoln, at the next meeting of the cabinet, was asked if he were not surprised at the outcome, and as simple as a child he revealed that the long night before the battle he had spent with God, and God had given him the assurance that He would give him Gettysburg. Gettysburg can not be explained without God. Lincoln can not be explained without God. America can not be explained without God. "God hath not so dealt with any people."

Our government did well that on July 1st, 2nd, 3rd of the 50th anniversary, all the boys of blue and gray, at government expense, met on this immortal field to drink together again at Spangler's Spring. For "the strife of brothers is past." Gettysburg has become the Mecca of Reconciliation.

> "No North, no South, no alien now,
> Firm for one cause, one flag we stand,
> Hearts melted into one sacred flame,
> For God and home and native land."

Standing a few years ago at the foot of the monument in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg where Lincoln stood on that November 19, 1863, to speak his word immortal, which is the only piece of American English in the literature course of Oxford and Cambridge, I heard a voice—I hear it now—the

THE CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY LIBRARY
A. No. 6833
D.D.No. 231.5

voice of the prophet-president, America's redeemer, "It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion —that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

No braver soldiers ever wore the uniform, or drew the sword, or charged the enemy, than the men in blue. You served your country well on the fields of Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Wilderness, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg, Manassas. You are true soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. I trust you are as true soldiers of the Grand Army of the Redeemed.

You fought loyally and long under the Stars and Stripes. I trust you are fighting now under the white banner of the Christ. Have you enlisted in His holy cause? Won't you enlist now?

"The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?"

IV

GOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY

God raised up the Hebrew to give the world the true religion. He raised up the Greek to give the world literature and language to cloak and express that religion. He raised up the Roman to give the world government, and law and order, and highways, that that religion might be carried to the ends of the world. As surely hath God raised up America for a divine mission.

Out on the sea the prow of Columbus' ship was pointed straight for Delaware Bay, when a flock of birds was observed flying southwest. Pinzon persuaded Columbus to change the course of his ship and sail after the birds. And so Columbus landed on that little island of the West Indies instead of in the mouth of Delaware Bay. Some men see nothing in this but a flight of birds. But the Christian historian sees in it the guiding hand of God. Columbus took possession of San Salvador in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella, for Spain. Spanish misrule has cursed every nation upon which its mildewed hand has been laid. God by this act saved America from this blight, saved America to be blessed with English Protestantism.

Green, the great English historian, says, "The

power of John Wesley's preaching recreated England. And but for that new life infused into the body politic, Pitt could never have come into power." And Pitt? In a brief span of ten years, by the hand and sword of Wolfe, Pitt drove the French beyond the St. Lawrence, destroying their power on the Plains of Abraham and making permanently possible this great Protestant, English-speaking people.

The religious convulsions that shook Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries must have outlet, and America providentially became that outlet. Each of the thirteen colonies had a religious founding and basis. These leaders and founders had few books, but they knew their Bible, which was their book of law, ethics, etiquette—the Book governing their character and their conduct. They made that Book the chief corner-stone of the new republic.

In the famous Holy Trinity Church case, 1893, the Supreme Court decided, "This is a Christian nation." And in the equally famous case, argued before the Supreme Court by Daniel Webster, the court decided, "Christianity is the common law of the land." That Christianity is the common law of the land is evidenced by the fact that the presidential oath of office is taken on The Book. The witness on the stand swears by that Book. The judge metes out justice according to that Book. One day in seven is set aside as a day of national rest, based on that Book. By the voice of magisterial authority the last Thursday of November, a secular day, is hushed into the sacred quiet of a national Sabbath. From savanna

and prairie, from valley and mountain, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one hundred million free men are invited on that day to gather around the altars of the God of their fathers, and pour forth the libations of their gratitude to Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. Yes, our national Thanksgiving Day and other holy days are because of that Book.

Our money, with which we pay our obligations, bears on its face, "In God We Trust"—according to that Book. Our constitutional and statutory enactments are founded on that Book, and are fashioned after the principles and plan of government framed by Moses and given humanity through that Book. Clement says that Plato got his idea of his republic from Moses. We got ours from Moses. The government founded under Moses was the first of its kind on this earth. In every government up to then the ruler's law was the supreme law. All the issues of life, and death, and possessions, private and public, were in his hands. From first to last there is a perfect resemblance in the government founded under Moses and the government of these United States.

Both resulted from deliverance from oppression. Both set up a monument to perpetuate their deliverance by the observance of a national holy day—the Sabbath. The government under Moses had thirteen states or tribes. The tribe of Joseph was divided into two, Ephraim and Manasseh. We were thirteen colonies, afterwards thirteen states. From Israel's thirteen tribes, or states, seventy men were chosen to be

the supreme court. An appeal could be taken to and by any one to this supreme authority (Exodus 18:17-27). Their constitution and ours were the only two ever submitted to the people for ratification. Theirs was voted on at the Jordan. Their constitution and ours were the only two that ever made provision for the naturalization of foreigners. And the only two that prohibited a foreign born from becoming ruler. Theirs reads, "No foreigner shall rule over you." In that republic the Scriptures were the only text-book. So in ours for one hundred fifty years of our colonial life. And also our law Book. All other governments, save these two, selected their rulers by right of progeniture—the oldest born becoming ruler by virtue of that fact, rather than by any necessary merit. These two, up to the adoption of our Constitution, were the only two governments where rulers were selected by merit rather than by birth.

It is generally but erroneously thought that in Old Testament times the first born became by that fact the head or ruler, but not so. From Adam to David —three thousand years—there is not one single instance. True, after David there are plenty of instances, but that was not according to God's plan. That was because the people clamored for a king like other nations. And they got their king with all the accursed evils attending having a king. The last few years God seems to have been at the business of cleaning the world up of kings. But as long as the Israelites accepted God's plan of government, merit, not priority of birth, settled rulership.

Of the first two boys and men that ever lived, Abel the younger was chosen in preference to Cain the older. Shem, the younger, was preferred to Japheth, the older. Isaac, the younger, became the head rather than Ishmael, the older. Even in the case of the twins, Jacob the second born was chosen and Esau was rejected. Judah became the head over and before his four older brothers. Joseph was advanced above his ten brothers, all of whom were his elders. And Joseph's younger son Ephraim was preferred before Manasseh, the older. When Joseph brought his two sons to his aged and blind father to receive the blessing, he placed Manasseh so that his father's right hand might rest upon his head. The old patriarch Jacob crossed his hands, putting his right on the head of the younger and his left on the head of the older. Joseph made bold to correct his father, supposing that in his blindness he had done it unwittingly. Jacob said, "I know it, my son, but the younger is the greater." Moses, the younger, was made leader, not Aaron, the older. When Saul was deposed and the prophet Samuel was sent to the house of Jesse to find and anoint a king, in accordance with human custom, Saul arose to anoint Eliab, the oldest, but God stopped him with, "Not he." And when Samuel seemed to demur God added, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart." One by one six sons of Jesse were brought in and refused by God. When David, the seventh and youngest, was brought before Samuel, God said, "Arise and anoint him, he shall be king."

God's plan has never been by birth but by worth. Think of a man's being ruler over a great land and nation, his right based only upon birth, with no regard to worth. God's plan for that first republic and this was the same—rulers chosen by worth rather than by birth.

And, too, what a parallel in God's selection and location of these two countries—Palestine and America. When God would have, would make and mold a people, different, peculiar, and possessing divine possibilities, He selects a land—the land for them, not the land of Italy, nor Egypt, nor Greece, but Palestine, a land separate and apart. A land completely isolated from every other land of the world, on one side by the sweeping sea, on another side and a half by a great mountain, on the other side and a half by an impassable desert. To develop a peculiar people, a pure people, God had to have a separated people. And so we, too, are separated from every land on the east by three thousand miles of water, and every land on the west by five thousand miles of water. Pregnant, this, with significance, through the centuries of our national development and the preparing for our national destiny.

And as to our location north and south, it may or may not have come to your notice that around this globe there is a narrow zone between the thirtieth and sixtieth parallels, north latitude, and in that narrow belt we are located. In that zone of thirty degrees all the great nations of the past and the present are to be found. The people and nations that have given

direction to the thought of mankind, that have created philosophy for the race, and history and poetry, and art, and science, and government, have all been crowded into that narrow belt of less than thirty degres. Yes, twenty degrees.

Draw lines around the globe at the thirtieth and sixtieth parallels of latitude and see the nations you have within those two lines. There is Greece, that gave letters to the world. Rome, that gave jurisprudence to mankind. Palestine, that gave religion to the race. Germany, that gave Luther to the church and Gutenberg to science. England, swaying her mighty sceptre over sea and land. And in this magical zone we are located. It is significant and well worth our serious reflections that our home is not amid the polar snows of Russia, nor the burning sands of Central Africa, but in the center of the north temperate zone. We lie too far south to be bound in perpetual chains of frost, and too far north to fall under the enervating influences of a tropical sun. Compact as we are, yet our shore line equals the circuit of the globe, and our navigable rivers duplicate that vast shore-line And we possess a national domain only one-sixth less than that of the states and countries of Europe, and equal to the vast domain of Rome which reached from the Euphrates to the western ocean, and from the wall of Antoninus to the Mountains of the Moon.

And, too, what a providence is manifest and marked that our birth time was 1776 A. D., instead of 1776 B. C. God started us where other nations left off. Assyria sprung from a band of savage hunters.

Egypt came from the lowest of races. Rome—from bloody free-booters. England descended from naked cannibals. Greece—from tribes of cave dwellers. In contrast, see where we began. Our forefathers stood —started—at the summit of humanity. Recall our constitutional convention that assembled in the City of Brotherly Love. No other such ever met in the halls of nations. It was composed of fifty-five men, and such men. Giants in intellect and moral character. Twenty-nine were university graduates, and those that were not were men of imperial intellect. Franklin, the venerable philosopher. Washington, ever to be revered as patriot and philanthropist. Madison and Hamilton, two of the profoundest thinkers of that or any age. The Almighty started us at the very acme of humanity, redeemed, educated, experienced, visioned. "Verily, He hath not so dealt with any people."

The guiding hand of God has ever been marked and manifest in our development and destiny. When the delegates from the thirteen colonies assembled in Philadelphia to frame the Constitution, three weeks passed without result. They were in hopeless confusion and division and were about to break up, when Benjamin Franklin, then more than four score years of age, arose and said: "Mr. President, I perceive that we are not in a position to pursue this business any further. Our blood is too hot. I therefore move you, sir, that we separate for three days, during which time, with a conciliatory spirit, we talk with both parties. If we ever make a Constitution it must be the

work of a compromise. And while I am on my feet I move you, sir, and I am astonished that it has not been done before, for when we signed the Declaration of Independence we had a chaplain to read the Bible and to pray daily; and I now move that when we meet again we have a chaplain to meet with us and invoke the blessing of heaven. For, sir, it has been wisely written, 'Except the Lord build the city, they labor in vain who build it,' and if it be true that a sparrow can not fall to the ground without His notice, surely a nation can not rise without His aid.'" Washington's face beamed with joy as he arose to second the motion. After the expiration of three days they met, prayed together, and without a jar formed the American Constitution, the greatest document ever conceived by man. Or as Gladstone puts it, "The greatest document ever struck from the brain of man."

And now America after one hundred thirty-five years of constitutional, providential government, faces a new world, and a new age, and a new day, in which unmistakably, providentially, she is chosen for world leadership. And venturing thus upon this, our divine duty—it is not other nor less—not alone upon her coin but across her very soul she must needs have —"In God We Trust."

Yes, we must, we must, in God put trust. And if we do and prove to God true, never will it be said, "The oceans were digged for America's grave. The forests were grown for her coffin. The winds were woven for her winding sheet. The mountains were reared for her monument." But America will live

on, endued and endowed with immortal youth. So shall she ascend the mountain tops of the oncoming centuries, with the old flag in her hand—symbol of universal liberty, the light of whose stars will blend their radiance with the dawn of the millennium.

DATE DUE

NOV 0 6 2012

Printed

CINCINNATI BIBLE COLLEGE & SEM. LIBRARY
231.5 H369 main
Helms, Elmer Ellsworth/God in history

231.5 H369
Ac. #6833
Helms, Elmer Ellsworth
God in history

GEORGE MARK ELLIOTT LIBRARY
The Cincinnati Bible Seminary

231.5 H369
Ac. #6833
Helms, Elmer Ellsworth
God in history